

Watauga Democrat.

VOL. XI.

BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1899.

NO. 1

DEATH.

Following is the address delivered by the Hon. R. Z. Linney at the Bar meeting in Boone held in honor of the late Judge Greene at the last term of our Superior Court:

The thought is recorded in some of the friar books that if a man should think for himself what the pain is if he have but the finger's end pressed and tortured, imagine what the pains of death are when the whole body is convulsed and dissolved. It was answered that many a fine death presseth with less pain than the torture of a limb, for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense. Yes, brethren of the bar, we who have met to think of death and how our illustrious dead brother, Judge Greene, met it. It may be that we cannot resist the conclusion that the groans and convulsions of the friends of the deceased, discolored face of the dead, the widow's weeds and the solemn obsequies present all the pains and terrors that death possesses. Men too often forget in contemplating the dread Monster that God has armed all his servants with forces that disarm death and extract the dreaded sting. Stoic philosophy has lifted the black veil from death's abiding place, and given to the weakest possessions of the mind the power to mate and master the fear of death. Therefore, death is no such terrible enemy when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat for him. Revenge triumphs over death; Love slights it; Grief fleeth to it. And Seneca adds that a man would die though he were neither valiant or miserable only upon weariness to do the same thing so oft and over and over. Who, my brethren of the bar, I ask in the light of the character and services to the State and humanity of our dead brother, Judge Greene, can say that a mind fixed, and bent upon the loftiest conceptions of man's duty in a high place like his is not in a large measure freed from the terrors of death? We all know that he that dies in earnest pursuit, is unconscious of the hurt. Those gifted young men of promise, Worth Bagley and Lieut. Shipp, who left this world in a rapid survey of Jordan's banks to find a crossing place, smashed the mailed monster that presides over Jordan's chilly waters with two God-like virtues, the highest human resolves and the hot pursuit of worthy ends and expectations. Yes 'tis a blessed prerogative that the Creator has given to man that in the path of righteousness and lofty aim there are attendants that can summon on the last battle field to mate and match death. To the man who dies right, death has this glorious attendant, it openeth good fame and extinguishes envy. But as an excellent musician cannot utter himself upon a defective instrument, so death in its second kind of

flee, cannot open good fame nor extinguish criticism in a man without the traits of nobility of character. Evil fame deserved is blacker than death, and death cannot reduce a mountain of human folly. Indeed there is a lingering living death more to be dreaded than the destruction of the body. Who can imagine a greater calamity, greater pain than that which overtakes a man who though living, doth follow at the funeral of his own reputation. 'Tis not length of days but the goodness of them that makes a great life and destroys death." Our dead brother, Judge Greene, came very near indeed, coming up to the highest standard of the christian philosopher's idea of the greatest life. The last years of that life on earth were the greatest. No, in no sense did Judge Greene follow the funeral of his own reputation.

Let me trace him as he constantly advances up the ladder of human greatness until the dissolution of that matchless form took him away from us. He was a splendid soldier in the Confederate army. I first met him in Raleigh, as a member of the House of Representatives in 1874. He was admittedly the best looking and youngest member there. He stepped up to the front rank of his profession as an advocate in the case of state vs. Douglas Dixon, tried in this court room before Seymour, Judge, and a jury at fall term 1883 of this court. This was one of the greatest criminal trials of Western North Carolina. The prisoner was a young man of only 17 summers. He lived in the country about two miles from Jefferson. At a social party given by Mrs. Hardin Christmas, Dixon at her instance was a guest. A difficulty sprang up between Dixon and one of Jefferson's most promising young men, a Mr. Gentry, in which Gentry was slain, it was charged, by Dixon. The solicitor was assisted at the trial by Messrs. Neal, Todd and Judge Armfield. The defense, by Messrs. Greene, Folk and myself. Greene was the youngest lawyer engaged in the cause. He reluctantly consented at the urgent solicitation of Col. Folk and myself, to address the jury. It was a masterful argument. It is questionable whether it has ever been excelled in this court room. Judge Armfield and Col. Folk were easily among the very greatest lawyers of the State. They were the kings of the court room. They were much impressed with the young barrister, and charmed, as were all who heard him, with the skill which he displayed in presenting the prisoner's theory of defence, and his disclosure of the rarest gifts as an advocate and orator. The cause of the State received such a blow from his master hand that it never recorded and there was a verdict of acquittal after a few minutes deliberation by the jury.

But it is of Greene as a judge that his greatest qual-

ities of head and heart shown brightest. That judge has worn the judicial ermine most worthily who employs the best resources that tend "to prepare his way to just judgment, as God used to prepare His way by raising valleys and taking down hills." Lawyers are invaluable auxiliaries to the court and the administration of justice. By their research and learning they should always be finger boards pointing the way to judgment and thus strengthen the loins that make steady the seat of justice. Yet, my brethren, it often happeneth that combinations of power, cunning advantages and great counsel may shake the lions of the temple of justice. And there are some of the hills that the implied thought suggests should be taken down that the judge may place his judgment upon the even ground of righteousness and justice. That Judge Greene should have worn the judicial ermine with that grace and dignity which silenced all criticism proves the possession by him of the noblest qualities of head and heart. The shield of Hercules would smash any pigmy upon whom it might have been placed. The judicial ermine lost none of its attractions while it rested on the shoulders of our dead friend. In fact his great life on the bench wrenched expressions of approval from unwilling lips. I was in the convention that nominated him for Superior Court Judge. He was educated in the common schools and at Cumberland College, Tenn.

The late Harvey Bingham, under whom he was trained for the legal profession, remarked when informed of his nomination that "Greene would make a splendid judge. As an intimate personal friend and his instructor as a law student, I have been brought into the most intimate contact with him. The more you know of Greene the greater he is. He has greater native capacity than any man I ever knew. I predict a glorious future for him if called to that high office." Never was prophecy more fully realized. Greene at once knew that patience and gravity of hearing were essential points of justice. I agree with the old writers, that the parts of a judge in hearing are three—to direct the evidence in moderate length, repetition or impertinency of speech, select and collate the material points of that which hath been said and to give the rule or sentence. All above this is too much and proceedeth either of vain glory and willingness to speak, impatience to hear or want of a staid and equal attention. He knew and illustrated in his life on the bench that an over-speaking judge was a deformed thing.

It was my pleasure once to appear before Judge Greene in Catawba Superior Court in a great criminal case. Two men were indicted for murder. Each tried to fix the crime on the other, and

one of the persons was a son of the deceased, which gave peculiar interest to the case. The court room was crowded for three days. There was the most perfect silence during the entire trial. At one time a little whispering in the court room behind the bar attracted the attention of the Judge. He raised his head and a flash of his large, splendid eye, the wisdom of his great soul, accompanied with three gentle tappings with a lead pencil and absolute order was restored. His administrative ability commanded the admiration of the oldest practitioners. He did less talking except in giving the rule and sentence of the court at the end of a trial, than any judge I have ever practiced before. His capacity to concentrate all the powers of his mind on any legal proposition and to give staid attention to the arguments of counsels in their struggles at the bar, was among his chief excellencies as a judge.

The office of Superior Court Judge in North Carolina is the greatest office in the Republic. I had rather be a judge with the ability to perform satisfactorily the functions of the high office than to be President of the United States. It is the best law college in the world. A young lawyer on the bench with superb natural capacity will soon become a Saul among his travellers here below. He was a social magnet of no mean qualities. As a conversationalist, he was as attractive as this perfect picture, (holding a large portrait of Judge Greene in his hand) which has caught his matchless form. That which is more comforting than all, Greene died right. Judge Gaston was engaged in active social conversation with a group of friends in the room in the State Capitol one evening. Next morning he was a corpse. His biographer proclaimed it to the world that "Gaston died right." From robust health and buoyant spirits he plunged into the chilling waters of death. The passage was quick, from hot life to cold, dull death, like one leaping into an icy pool.

Judge Greene was born in Caldwell county Nov. 11, '45. He fought the battle of life until Nov. 2, '98, at 11 o'clock, a. m. Like Gaston, he spent the evening of the 1st of Nov. in his office heated up to its utmost comfort, to the late hour of 10 o'clock in the society of a party of his warmest social and political friends—Messrs. Hodges, the two Blackburns, J. L. Hayes and others. Mrs. Greene visited him at his office at that hour. He had been afflicted with asthma, and feeling somewhat the inconvenience of that malady, expressed a preference to stay in his comfortable office with a faithful attendant the remainder of the night, so that she might not be disturbed, with a promise to inform her should he grow ill she retired for the night. Next morning at 6 o'clock Mrs. Green hastened to

her husband's bed only to find him in an unconscious state. She at once exerted herself to the application of restoratives, oil, liniments and rubbing the body. "Let me lift you up," fell from her lips to which there was a quick response in feeble accents: "Don't worry yourself, Mattie, you will hurt yourself." Mrs. Green, attendant and the physician did all in their power to arouse and restore the sinking man until a few minutes before 11 o'clock, when the great soul of Leander Lawrence Greene broke its fetters and sped its way to the eternity beyond. The last throeb of affection that his heart felt was thus expressed, said the stricken wife: "Do you know me?" "Yes, yes, Mattie."

My brethren of the bar, it appears that the attainments of exalted power, love of dominion over property and all to which great minds aspire, are lost sight of in death, and the claims that a wife's love for her husband has upon him are recognized in his last gasping expression 'Mattie.' Take Greene all over and he was indeed a Saul in our midst. An ancient legend fitly presents the end of this great life. The India fig tree having grown to the period of fruitage is said to let its branches all fall down to the earth whereof she conceives again and then becomes the root of their own stalk. To man having derived his being from the earth first lives the life of the tree, drawing his nourishment as a plant until made ripe for death he tends downward and is sown again in his mother earth but receives a quickening for the eternal life. In contemplation of his entire character and the hopes of resurrection the acquaintances and friends of our dead brother should take pleasure in applauding and extolling his virtues. The widow may well lift aside her weeds and the daughters proud of the many excellencies of their illustrious ancestor bid sorrow turn to joy, and with us here applaud his virtues, not that the cold, dull ear can catch the accents that applaud the living virtues of Judge Greene.

"Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And his interrupted breath
Inspires ten thousand lives.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

You are perhaps aware that pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of the grippe. During the epidemic of la grippe a few years ago when so many cases resulted in pneumonia, it was observed that the attack was never followed by that disease when Chamberlain's cough remedy was used. It counteracts any tendency of a cold or la grippe to result in that dangerous disease. It is the best remedy in the world for bad colds and la grippe. Every bottle warranted. For sale by M. B. Blackburn.

A dispatch of Dec. 26th from Havana says that Adison Wolf, of Company F., First North Carolina Volunteers, while doing pro-vost duty Sunday night, fell into Vento Springs and was drowned. Company F. is the Asheville company and Wolf was from Asheville.

Just a Cough

Not worth paying attention to, you say. Perhaps you have had it for weeks. It's annoying because you have a constant desire to cough. It annoys you also because you remember that weak lungs is a family failing. At first it is a slight cough. At last it is a hemorrhage. At first it is easy to cure. At last, extremely difficult.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

quickly conquers your little hacking cough. There is no doubt about the cure now. Doubt comes from neglect.

For over half a century Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been curing colds and coughs and preventing consumption. It cures Consumption also if taken in time.

Keep one of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters over your lungs if you cough.

Shall we send you a book on this subject, free?

Our Medical Department.

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply. Address, Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

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Highest references and endorsements of prominent persons successfully treated in Va., Tenn. and N. C. Remember that there is no time too soon to get rid of a cancerous growth—no matter how small. Examination free, letters answered promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as Administrator of L. L. Greene, deceased, late of Watauga county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned within twelve months from the date of this notice or it will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. Dec. 15, 98.
MATTIE J. GREENE, Adm'r.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator of Pinkney Underwood, deceased, all persons having claims against his estate are notified to present the same duly authenticated within 12 months from the date of this notice, or it will be plead in bar of their recovery. This Jan. 2, 1899.
C. J. COTTRELL, Adm'r.